

SONGSTER,
BEING
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF NEW AND POPULAR
PATRIOTIC, COMIC, SENTIMENTAL,
AND DESCRIPTIVE
SONGS.

Come all ye fine fellows who love a good song,
I'll suit you with any, either short one's or long;
My subjects are good, I'm sure you will say,
And if you shall buy them remember to pay.

NEW YORK:
1841.

SONGS.



BAY OF BISCAY O.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent assunder,
By lightning's vivid powers.
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak:
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O.

At length the wished for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,

Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day
In the Bay of Biscay O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers:
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O.

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

One night the wind it blew cold,
Blew bitter across the wild moor,
When Mary, she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door:
Crying, father, oh pray let me in,
Do come down and open the door,
Or the child at my bosom will die
From the winds that blow across the wild
moor.

Crying, father, &c.

Oh why did I leave this fair cot,
Where once I was happy and free;
Doomed to roam without friends or a home.
Oh father take pity on me.

Not a voice or a sound reached the door;
But the watch dogs did bark, and the winds
Blew bitter across the wild moor.

But her father, &c.

But think what the father he felt,
When he came to the door in the morn;
There he found Mary dead, and the child
Fondly clasped to its dead mothers arm's.

While infrantic he tore his grey hairs,
As on Mary he gazed at the door;
For in the night she perished and died,
From the winds that blew across the wild
moor.

While infrantic, &c.

The father in grief pined away
And the child to its mother went soon;
No one lives there unto this day,
For the cottage to ruin it has gone.

The villagers point out the spot,
Where a willow points over the door,
Saying there Mary died, her village pride,
From the winds that blew across the wild
moor.

The villagers point, &c.

O NO, I'LL NEVER MENTION HIM.

Oh, no I'll never mention him,
His name is never heard;

My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek, in change of scene,
The charms that otheas see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more,
The valleys where we meet;
I do not see that hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget.

They tell me he is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets me now,
But heed not what they say:
Like me, perhaps, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if he loves as I have lov'd,
He never can forget.

COURTING SONG.

Adam at first was formed of dust
As Scripture doth record:
And did receive a wife called Eve;

From his creator, Lord.

From Adam's side, a crooked bride
The Lord was pleased to form.
Ordained that they in bed might lay,
To keep each other warm.

To court, indeed they had no need,
She was his wife at first,
And she was made to be his aid,
Whose origin was dust.

This new made pair full happy were,
And happy might remained,
If his help mate had never ate,
The fruit that was restrain'd.

Though Adam's wife destroyed his life,
In a manner that was awful,
Yet marriage now we allow,
To be both just and lawful.

But women must be courted first,
Because it is the fashion
And so at times commit great crimes,
Caus'd by a lustful passion.

And now a days there are two ways,
Which of the two is right,
To lie between sheets sweet and clean,
Or sit up all the night

But some suppose bundling in clothes,
Doth heaven sorely vex,
Then let me know which way to go,
To court the female sex:

Whether they must be hugg'd and kiss'd
When sitting by the fire;
Or, whether they in bed may lay,
Which doth the Lord require?

But some pretend to recommend
The sitting up all night:
Courting in chairs as doth appear,
To them to be most right.

Nature's request, is grant me rest,
Our bodies seek repose,
Night is the time and 'tis no crime,
To bundle in their clothes,

Since in bed a man and maid,
May bundle and be chaste:
It does no good to burn out wood,
It is a needless waste;

Let coats and gowns be laid aside,
And breeches take their flight,
An honest man and woman can
Lay quiet all the night.

In Genesis no knowledge is

Of this thing to be got
Whether young men did bundle then,
Or whether they did not.

The sacred book says wives they took,
It don't say how they courted,
Whether that they in bed did lay,
Or by the fire sported.

But some do hold in times of old,
That those about to wed,
Spent not the night, nor yet the light,
By fire or in the bed.

Man don't pretend to trust a friend,
To choose him sheep and cows:
Much less a wife which all his life,
He doth expect to house.

Since it doth stand a man in hand,
To happify his life:
I would advise each to be wise,
And choose a prudent wife.

Since bundling is not quite the thing,
That judgment will procure:
Go on young men and bundle then,
And keep your bodies pure.

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'R OUT?

From a country town to Portland as I have
lately strayed,
At the Mechanic's Fair one evening, I met
a pretty maid,
I gazed upon her beauty, I cast my eyes a-
bout,
While so courteously she asked me, does
your mother know you'r out?
Her cheeks were like the roses, her skin like
lillies fair,
Her aspect was so charming she did my
heart ensnare.
She's honest, true and virtuous, thinks I
without a doubt,
While so kindly she asked me does your
mother know you'r out.
I says my bonnie lassie will you gang along
with me?
We'll have a drop together ; I will my dear
says she.
It's we'll go into Washington street, and toy
the night about,
But excuse me sir for asking, does your mo-
ther know you're out.
We went to a confectioner's, together we
sat down,

Says I my love I've cash enough, with you
I'll spend a crown,
Says she young man take my advice, and
mind what you're about,
For I cannot tarry long with you, my mother
knows I'm out.

I thought myself quite happy to enjoy her
company,
I called for liquors of the best and we drank
very free,
Three clumsy fellows then came in kicked
up the devil's rout,
And one so slyly asked me, does your mother
know you're out.

Another with an oath exclaimed, you thief
I'll take your life,
For do you think I'm such a flat as to let
you kiss my wife,
I stood up to excuse myself, he gave me such
a clout,
And the others they kept shouting does your
mother know you're out.

They jammed me in a corner, they could not
treat me worse,
The lady I thought honest, she knabbed my
my leather purse,
Containing fifty dollars, so nimbly they ran
out,

And the landlord turned me out of doors
which caused me to go out.

I rambled up and down, thinking what a
fool I'd been,
I wished myself one hundred miles from the
City of Portland,
Another girl in King street, she says I make
no doubt,
You're a stranger here in Portland, does
your mother know your out.

Say's I, you thief, I've caught you now, and
and gave her such a douse,
For it was you that robbed me all in the
public house,
She screamed aloud, the watchmen came,
and said what's this about,
Sir said she, I only asked him, does your
mother know you're out.

See how the ruffian treated me, take him in
custody,
For an assault I charge him and an attempt
to robbery,
Six months now in the work-house I must
spend without a doubt,
But to Portland town I'll bid adieu as soon
as I get out.

DICK THE JOINER.

There is a lad in our town,
A joiner is his station,
He courted as pretty a girl
As any in the nation;

He courted her with compliments,
Thinking to entice her,
But all the words she said to him,
Were, no indeed, not I sir.

Young Dickey was about sixteen,
Being bold brisk and airy;
He bought a suit of woman's clothes
Some business on to carry;

His gown was large and made of serge,
His petticoat was yellow.
There is not such a bonny lass
In this town that can him fellow.

Then Dick unto his sweetheart goes,
Enquiring for a master,
This maid came out with smiling looks,
To see him in that posture;

You look like a strong country girl,
And work will ne'er destroy you;
If you can both roast and boil,
My mistress will employ you.

Thus Dick was hired out at large
For fifty shillings yearly;
He finished all he had to do,
His mistress loved him dearly:

To bed he went to his sweetheart,
Whom he did much admire,
But all that she said unto him,
Was country girl, lie nigher.

She fell asleep and Dick did creep,
Close unto his Nelly;
He gave a kiss—was that amiss?
But I'm ashamed to tell you:

She awaked out of her sleep,
Like one that had been dreaming,
And when she to her senses came,
Her bedfellow was blaming.

A man you be, you rogue,
I'm afraid you're Dick the joiner;
Hold your tongue, you silly maid,
For you are much mistaken.

Then Dick arose, put on his clothes,
And left the fair maid mourning,
And he's gone she can't tell where,
She waits for his returning.

THE RED HAURED MAN'S WIFE.

Ye Muses divine, combine and lend me
your aid,

To pen these few lines, you'll find my
poor heart's betrayed,

By a virgin fair, I loved dear as my life
She has flown from me, and become the
red haired man's wife.

A letter I'll send by a friend down the
sea shore,

That she may understand I am the man
does adore,

And if she would leave that slave, I'll
forfeit my life,

She would live like a lady, that red hair-
ed man's wife,

My absence, my dear, I fear is the cause
of your wo,

But for to see you, in short, I mean for
to go,

And if I come anear her, I freely venture
my life,

With me she will steer, I mean the red
haired man's wife.

Don't you remember the time I gave you
my heart,

You solemnly swore no more with it you
would part,

But your mind is like the ocean, each
notion taking flight,

And left me bemoaning the red haired
man's wife.

I straight took my way next day, thro'
a sweet shady grove,

Crossing purling streams, where warblers
mostly do rove ;

Then I was conveyed where nature boasts
of her pride,

I stood in amaze, and gazed on the red
haired man's wife.

My darling, sweet Phoenix, as well as if
you were my own,

The patriarch David had a number of
wives it's well known,

Yield to my embraces and then put an
end to this strife,

And if he should run crazy, you shall
ne're be the red haired man's wife.

The larks and the linnets they softly
sound up thair strain,

The Nymphs from Parnassus advance
nimble over the plain,

With a proportion of roses, my dear, that
would delight you,

I can crown the sweet Phoenix, my dar-
ling, and so bid adieu.

Boys, my dear now draw near and hear
my advice,

Always beware of courting other men's
wives.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

It was on the seventeenth, by break of day,
The Yankees did surprise us,
With their strong works they did throw up
To burn the town and drive us,
But soon we had an order came,
An order to defeat them,
Like rebels stout they stood it out,
And thought we ne'er could beat them.
About the hour of twelve that day,
An order came for marching,
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each man hop'd to discharge them,
We march'd down to the long Wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embark'd
Our ships kept cannonading,
And when our boats all filled were,
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had
To oppose, who dare control us.
And when our boats all filled were,
We rowed in line of battle,
Where showers of ball like hail did fly,
Our cannon loud did rattle, [town
There was Cops' hill battery near Charles—
Our twenty-fours they played,
And the three frigates in the stream
That very well behaved.
That Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore

10
SONGS.

All the time of landing,
With grape shot and cannon balls,
No Yankees e'er could stand them.
And when we landed on the shore,
We draw'd up altogether,
The Yankees they all man'd their works,
And thought we'd ne'er come thither.
But soon they did perceive brave Howe,
Brave Howe our bold commander,
With grenadiers, and infantry,
We made them to surrender.
Brave William Howe on our right wing,
Cri'd boys fight on like thunder;
You soon will see the rebels flee,
With great amaze and wonder.
Now some lay bleeding on the ground,
And some fell fast a running,
O'er hills and dales and mountains high,
Crying zounds! Brave Howe's a coming,
Brave Howe is so considerate,
As to guard against all dangers;
He allow'd each half a gill this day—
To rum we are no strangers!
They began to play on our left wing,
Where Pigot he commanded,
But we returned it back again,
With courage most undaunted.
To our grape shot and musket balls,
To which they were but strangers,
They thought to come with sword in hand,

But soon they found their danger.
And when the works were got into,
And put them to their flight, sir,
They pepper'd us poor British elves,
And show'd us they could fight, sir,
And when their works were got into,
With some hard knocks and danger,
Their works we found both firm and strong,
Too strong for British Rangers.
But as for our Artillery,
They gave all way and run,
For while their ammunition held,
They gave us Yankee fun.
But our commander he got broke,
For his misconduct, sure, sir,
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns,
Were made for twenty-fours, sir,
There's some in Boston pleas'd to say,
As we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen,
While they their hay were making,
For such stout wings I never saw,
To hang them all I'd rather,
By making hay with musket balls,
Lord Howe most cursedly did bother;
Bad luck to him by land and sea,
For he's despis'd by many.
The name of Bunker Hill he dreads
Where he was flogg'd most plainly.
And now my song is at an end

And to conclude my ditty;
'Tis only Briton's ignorant,
That I most sincerely pity.
As for our King and William Howe
And General Gage if they are taken
The Yankees will hang their heads up high
On that fine hill call'd Beacon.

LORD BAKEMAN,

*Who was taken by the Turks, and put in prison,
and was afterwards released by the jailor's
daughter, whom he married.----A true story.*
In India lived a noble Lord,
His riches were beyond compare,
He was the darling of his parents,
And of their estate an only heir.
He had gold and he had silver,
And he had houses of high degree;
But still he ne'er could be contented
Until a voyage he'd been to sea.
He sail'd East and he sail'd West,
Until he came to the Turkish shore,
Where he was taken and put in prison,
Where he could not see nor hear.
For seven months he lay lamenting,
He lay lamenting in iron bands.
There happen'd to be a brisk young lady,
Which set him free from his iron chains,
The jailor had one only daughter.
A brisk young lady gay was she.

As he was walking across the floor,
She chanc'd Lord Bakeman for to see.
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
She said Lord Bakeman I will see,
She went unto the prison door,
And open'd it without delay.
Have you got gold or any silver,
Have you got houses of a high degree,
What will you give to the fair lady,
If she from bondage will set you free?
Yes, I've got gold and I've got silver,
And I've got houses of a high degree,
'Tis all I want to make me happy,
And all I crave is your fair body.
Let us make a bargain and make it strong,
For seven long years it shall stand,
You shall not wed with another woman,
Nor I'll not wed with another man.
When seven long years were gone and past,
And seven long years were at an end,
She pick'd up all her richest clothing,
Saying now I'll go and seek my friend.
She sail'd East, and she sail'd West,
Until she came to the India shore,
And there she ne'er could be contented,
'Till for her true love she did enquire.
She enquired for Lord Bakeman's palace,
In every corner of the street,
She enquired for Lord Bakeman's palace,

Of every person she did meet. [palace
And when she came to Lord Bakeman's
She knock'd so loud upon the ring, [porter
There's none so ready as the brisk young
To rise and let this fair lady in.
She ask'd if this was Lord Bakeman's palace
Or is the Lord himself within?
Yes, yes, replied the brisk young porter,
He and his bride have just enter'd in.
She wept, she wept, and wrung her hands,
Crying, alas! I am undone,
I wish I was in my native country,
Across the sea, there to remain.
Ask him to send me one ounce of bread,
And a bottle of his wine so strong,
And ask him if he's forgot the Lady,
That set him free from his iron chains.
The porter went unto his master,
And bowed low upon his knees,
Arise, arise, my brisk young porter,
And tell me what the matter is.
There is a lady stands at your gate,
And she doth weep most bitterly;
I think she is as fine a creature,
That ever I wish my eyes to see.
She's got more rings on her fore-fingers,
And round her waste more diamond strings,
She's got more gold about her clothing,
Than your new bride and all her kin.
She wants you to send her one ounce of bread

And a bottle of your wine so strong;
And asks if you have forgot the lady,
That set you free from your iron chains.
He stamp'd his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three.
Here's adieu to you my wedded bride,
For this fair lady I will go and see.
Then up bespoke the new bride's mother,
And she was a lady of high degree,
"Tis you have married my only daughter,
Well, she is none the worse for me.
But since my fair one has arrived,
A second wedding there shall be,
Your daughter came on a horse and saddle,
She shall go home in her coach and three.
He took his fair lady by the hand,
And led her over the marble stones,
He chang'd her name from Susannah fair,
And now is the wife of Lord Bakeman.
He took her by her lily white hand,
And led her through from room to room,
He chang'd her name from Susannah fair,
And is call'd the wife of Lord Bakeman,

LONG TAIL BLUE,

*As originally sung by Mr. T. B. Nathans, in
Philadelphia.*

I've just drop'd in to see you all,
And ax you how you do?
I'll sing you a song, it's not very long.

It's about my long tail blue.

CHORUS.

Just look at my long tail blue,

O, how do you like my blue;

I'll sing you a song, it's not very long,

It's about my long tail blue.

Some niggers they have but one coat,

But I, you see, got two;

I wear a jacket all the week,

And a Sunday my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

I stop't some time at Virginia springs,

And at Baltimore city, too;

But I guess I made the niggers squat,

When they saw my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

Jim Crow was a courting a brown gal,

And the white folks call her Sue,

But I guess she'll let that nigger drop

When she's seen my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

Jim Crow got mad and swore he'd fight,

With sword and pistol too,

But I guess I backed the nigger out,

When he saw my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

I went to the city of Washington,

To see what I could do:

I stop't at one of Jackson's levees,

And swung my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

Old Jackson he came up to me,

Said he, sir, how do you do?

He treated me to some Champaigne,

For to swing my long tail blue.

Just look at my long tail, &c.

I thought it then time to be off,

Pray stop a day or two;

So he offered me a handsome price,

For a pattern of my long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

So coming off, soon after that,

A thinking of my Sue,

Major Downing followed me straight out,

For to speak with the long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

General's dander's up, I hear,

Come, I will go with you;

And like all natur stop his wrath,

When I show your long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

The Cabinet cried out, in great grief,

Oh, Lord, what shall we do;

This fellow beats the Major's axe,

With his swinging long tail blue.

Just look at my long, &c.

Now all you chaps that wants a wife,

And don't know what to do,

Just look at me, and I'll show you how,
For to swing your long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A WEDDING.

Did you ever go to a wedding?
What a darn'd sight o' bussing it takes;
Then your mouth it is as hot as a pudding,
They put so much spice in their cakes.
Such playing and running, I never!
The gals, all as neat as new pins!
I'd fairly wear out my old leather,
To catch 'em and buss 'em—by jings!
I wonder, by goll what's the matter;
I can't get a sweetheart—I've tried—
But I sniggers, I never could flatter,
But the galls would all tell me I lied—
So rot 'em, I always am cheated,
By gosh! I will twig 'em I vum!
If I can't be more handsomer treated—
I won't go a courtin' by gum!
Then I guess they will come to their reason,
If what granny says be all true—
If you'll let 'em alone with your teazin',
The gals will com' flockin' to you.

LOVE'S GARLAND.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon
fountain, [grove,
And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the

And sweet is the breeze that blows over the
mountain;

Yet none is so sweet as the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave him a garland,

A fresh flowing garland,

With lilies, and roses,

And sweet smelling posies;

A garland I'll give to the lad that I love.

It was down in the vale where the sweet Torra
gliding, [grove,

Its murmuring stream ripples through the dark
I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,

To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye Banks and bræes, and streams around,

The Castle of Montgomery,

Green be your woods and fair your flowers,

Your waters never drumlie,

There Simmer first unfaulds her robes,

And there they longest tarry:

For there I took my last fareweel

Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk:

How rich the Hawthorn's blossom;

As underneath her fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours on angel's wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was su' tender
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that loe'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

NEW WORDS TO 'AULD LANG SYNE.

[By a Kentuckyian.]

Shall all the hues of morn decay'
At sober eve's decline;
And all that's lovely fade away,
Of auld lang syne? &c. &c.

Shall boyhood's joys be all forgot,
Those joys no longer mine;
And friendship's self remember not
Dear days o'lang syne? &c. &c.

Is love, too, all a fabled dream,
An image of the mind;
And her I lov'd an April beam
Of auld lang syne? &c. &c.

SONGS.

Then fill the flowing goblet up
With love inspiring wine,
And beauty's self shall kiss the cup,
To auld lang syne, &c. &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o' lang syne?

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twae hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twae hae paidlet i' the burn,
Fra mornin sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's my hand my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude wille-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Come tell me blue ey'd stranger,
 Say whither dost thou roam?
 O'er this wide world a ranger,
 Hast thou no friends nor home?
 They call'd me blue ey'd Mary,
 When friends and fortune smil'd,
 But oh! how fortunes vary!
 I now am sorrow's child.

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers.
 And ease thy hapless lot;
 Still wet with waning showers,
 I'll buy *Forget-me-not*,
 Kind sir, then take these posies,
 They're fading like my youth,
 But never like these roses,
 Shall wither Mary's truth.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

AIR—*The three Carls o' Buchanan.*

Let us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquhither,
 Where the blae berries grow,
 'Mong bonnie Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,

Sport the lang summer day
On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain;
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When rude wintry winds
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shelling ring
Wi' the light lightning chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorland perfuming!
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

My mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
Little orphans are sisters and I sadly poor,

Industry our wealth and no dwelling we have,
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the Moor.
The Lark's early song to labor invite,
Contented; we just keep the wolf from the door;
And Phœbus retiring trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that stands on the Moor.
Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
And heart-ease and health, make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the Moor.

TEA TAX.

*Sung with unbounded applause at the Boston
Theatre by Mr. Anderson.*

I snum I am a yankee lad, and I guess I'll sing a ditty,
And if you do not relish it, the more will be the pity;
That is, I think I should have been a plaguy sight more
finish'd man,
If I'd been born in Boston town, but I war'nt cause I'm
a countryman.

Tol lol de ra, Ri tol de rid dle idlo ri tol de ra.

And t'other day the yankee folks were mad about the
taxes,
And so we went like Indians dress'd, to split tea chests
with axes;
I mean 'twas done in seventy-three an' we were real
gritty,
The Mayor would have led the gang, but Boston warn't
a city,
Tol lol de ra, &c.

Ye see we yankees did'nt care a pin for wealth or booty,
And so in State street we agreed we'd never pay the
duty;
That is, in State street 'twould have been, but 'twas
King street they call'd it then,

And the tax on tea, it was so bad, the women would not
scald it then.

Tol lol de ra, &c.

To Charlestown Bridge we all went down to see the
thing corrected,

That is, we would have gone there, but the bridge it
warn't erected;

The tea perhaps was very good, Bohea, Souchong, or
Hyson, [poison.

But drinking tea it warn't the rage, the duty made it
Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then we went aboard the ships, our vengeance to
administer;

And did'nt care a tarnal curse, for any King or Minister;

We made a plaguy mess o' tea in one of the biggest
dishes,

I mean, we steep'd it in the sea and treated all the fishes.

Tol lol de ra, &c.

And then you see we were all found out, a thing we
had'nt dreaded,

The leaders were to London sent & instantly beheaded;

That is, I mean they would have been, if ever they'd
been taken,

But the leaders they were never catch'd and so they
sav'd their bacon.

Tol lol de ra, &c.

Now heaven bless the President, and all this goodly na-
tion,

And doubly bless our Boston Mayor, and all the Corpo-
ration;

And may all those who are our foes, or at our praise
have falter'd,

Soon have a change, that is, I mean may soon be hal-
ter'd.

Fol lol de ra, &c.

THE PROTEST.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—

'Tis the curse and the plague of my life
It ruins my credit, my health and my purse,
My peace and my comfort, and what is still
worse,

It vexes and angers my wife !

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—

Nor lead such a wretched vile life ;
Its attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace,
Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,
And so does my broken-hearted wife !

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—

'Tis the spring of all evils in life !

'Tis the curse of all curses ! of mischief the
worst,

'Tis the plague of all plagues ! 'Tis a demon ac-
curst,

No wonder loud cries my dear wife :

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—

For I find it the bane of my life ;
Henceforth I'll be careful that naught to destroy
That comfort and peace that I ought to enjoy
In my children, my home and my wife.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship to every willing mind ;

Opens a heavenly treasure ;

There may the sons of sorrow find,

Sources of real pleasure.

See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true ;
Friendship alone unfolds to view,
Sources of real pleasure.

Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story ;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in friendship can we find,
Pleasure and solid glory,

Beauty with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble.
Fame like a shadow flies away ;
Titles and dignities decay ;
Nothing but friendship can display,
Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning (that boasting glittering thing)
Scarcely is worth possessing ;
Riches forever on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a blessing.
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as fuel feeds the fire ;
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

Happy the man who has a friend,
Form'd by the God of nature ;

Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator.
Then as our hands in friendship join,
So let our social powers combine,
Rul'd by a passion most divine,
Friendship with our Creator.

A DANDY SONG.

The rulers of our nation are full of speculation,
For to obtain a seat it is so handy O;
So they will bribe to reign, their salary to gain,
But he that gets the chair is the dandy O.

The lawyers use their skill, their purses for to fill,
With blanks that are half printed they're so handy O;
So they will use their quill, these blanks then for to fill,
And their green bags full of papers is the dandy O;

But perhaps you know of old, that Sheriffs growing bold,
While the farmer's stock and produce are so handy O;
So they will fret and tease, and charge you double fees,
And their hat full of papers is the dandy O.

The merchants they will try, and they'll coax you for
to buy,
While their day books and their ledgers are so handy O,
When you've dipp'd deep enough, they'll say the times
are tough,
And their roll of mortgage bundles is the dandy O.

The doctors they don't care if they can get their share,
With their wrappers full of phials they're so handy O;
If they get cash in hand, they'll save you if they can,
While bread pills and chalk powders are the dandy O,

The Miller we do find, will not refuse to grind,
For his toll-dish and his measure are so handy O;

So he will round his fist, and take one half the grist,
For taking of good measures is the dandy O.

By this you plainly see, that Mechanics they agree,
For their sand paper and varnish is so handy O.
If we made an outside show, our buyers ne'er will know,
So we'll fill up joints with putty, its the dandy O.

If the Goldsmith I don't name, I shall surely be to blame,
For patching up old watches they're so handy O.
If they mend a wheel, they'll urge two dollars for a
verge,
For taking the advantage they're the dandy O.

The saddler'll think it wrong, if not notic'd in my song
For selling fancy plate they are so handy O;
They'll turn the best side out, and say the work is stout,
For selling long stitch'd saddles they're the dandy O.

See the Theatre in the town, with their awkward gap-
ing clown,
The tickets for the box and pit are so handy O,
If we can please you all, you ne'er will fail to call,
For to get cash in hand it is the dandy O.

See the Boston Circus play, what feats they do display,
For their actors and their nags are so handy O;
Pray only call and look—see a horse jump through a
hoop,
For picking up the change is the dandy O.

The Landlord so polite, he will use you all alike,
Step up and help yourselves, for 'tis so handy O;
But, he'll shave you at the last, for a gill you'll get a
glass

For these peaked bottom'd tumblers are the dandy O.
Horse Jockies now attend, and help to cheat a friend,
From men to leave out they're so handy O;
For he that gets the trade he cares not how 'tis made,
So they use deception, 'tis the dandy O.

The Peddlers are so neat to flatter, coax and cheat,
For selling fancy goods they are so handy O;
So pay up the old score and we'll call this way no more,
For picking up new custom is the dandy O.

Our printer he has said, cash is the life of trade,
For so many small bills are not so handy O;
So pay cash into the mint, and your papers I will print,
For making business known it is the dandy O.

See the fops now in College, a striving to get a knowl-
edge,

With their Virgil, Greek and Latin, 'tis so handy O;
With their narrow dandy coats, and their fancy high-
heel boots,

While their father's purse of specie is the dandy O:

See the ladies in all weathers, with their tinsel cap and
feathers,

With their box of paints and powders, they're so
handy O;

With their powders and their lace, and their blushing
painted face

But the work-sacks that they carry are the dandy O.

So here I'll close my song, for fear you'll think I'm
wrong,

But you've a chance to mend it quite handy O;

But I'm sure you'll not be beat, if I call the world a
cheat,

And he that reaps the harvest is the dandy O.

BETSEY BAKER.

From noise and bustle far away
Hard work my time employing;
How happily I pass'd each day,
Content and health enjoying,

The birds did sing, and so did I,
As I trudg'd o'er each acre,
I never new what 'twas to sigh,
Till I saw Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

At church I met her dress'd so neat,
One Sunday in hot weather,
With love I found my heart did beat,
As we sung psalms together;
So piously she hung her head,
The while her voice did shake, ah !
I thought if ever I did wed
'Twould be with Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

Now from her side I could not budge,
I'm sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bid me mind the Sarmont;
When church was over, out she walk'd
But I did overtake her,
Determin'd I would not be baulk'd
I spoke to Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

Her manners were genteel and cool,
I found on conversation;
She'd just come from a boarding school
With a finish'd education,
But love made me speak out quite free,

Says I, I've many an acre,
Will you give me up your company,
I shan't says Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

All my entreatys she did slight,
And I was forced to leave her,
I got no sleep all that long night,
For love had brought a fever.
The doctor came, he smelt the game,
With long face like a quaker,
Said he, young man, pray where's your pain?
I answer'd Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

Because I was not bad enough,
He dosed and he pill'd me;
And if I'd taken all his stuff,
I'm sure he must have kill'd me.
'Twould put an end to all the strife
'Twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life?
Why—thoughts of Betsey Baker.

Ri tu di nu, &c.

I then again to Betsey went,
And mov'd with love attack'd her,
But mean time she got acquainted with
A ranting mad play actor.
If she would have him he did say
A lady he would make her,

He gammon'd her to run away,
So I lost Betsey Baker.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

I fretted very much to find
My hopes of love so sunder'd;
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind
If I came up to Lonnon.
But though I strove another way,
My thoughts will ne'er forsake her,
I dreams all night and thinks all day,
Of cruel Betsey Baker.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

And now I must conclude my song,
Before to-morrow morning,
For if I sing it out too long,
I fear you'll be a yawning.
But if there's any nice young lady here,
That's pretty, I will take her,
Provided she is fond of me,
And her name is Betsey Baker.
Ri tu di nu, &c.

DULL CARES.

Why should we at our loss complain,
Or grieve at our distress?
Some think if they could riches gain,
They'd gain true happiness;
Alas! how vain is all their gain!
This life will soon decay,

Then whilst we're here with friends so dear,
Let's drive dull cares away.

The only circumstance in life,
That ever I could find,
To soften care or temper strife,
Was a contented mind:
Having that store we have much more
Than wealth could ere convey,
And whilst we're here with friends so dear,
We'll drive dull cares away.

Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
We all will in a few years more,
In equal friendship join.
We are much to blame, we are all the same,
This life is made of clay,
So whilst we're here with friends so dear,
Let's drive dull cares away.

Let's make the best we can of life,
Not render it a curse,
But take it as you would a wife,
For better or for worse,
Life at the best is but a jest,
A dreary winter's-day,
So whilst we're here with friends so dear,
We'll drive dull cares away.

Decline of life, old age comes on,
And we are young no more—
Let's not repine at what we've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;

But cheerful be as formerly;
And innocently gay,
And while we're here with friends so dear,
Let's drive dull cares away.

MARY, I BELIEVE THEE TRUE.

By Thomas Moore.

Mary, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
How few have ever lov'd like me,
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
Alas, deceiv'd me too sincerely!

Fare thee well—yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!!

Fare thee well—I'll think of thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token!
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well, &c.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Ambition, curse of human mind,
What streaming tears do flow,
What woes inflict on all mankind,
Oh day of Waterloo.

How many a gallant soul has sped,
When death's wing bullets flew,
And many a noble soul will mourn
The day, &c.

In tender love's all sacred cause,
What streaming tears do flow,
What woes inflict on all mankind,
Oh, day, &c.

The aged father, bending down,
To earth from whence he grew,
Supreme in grief his son will mourn,
Who fell at Waterloo.

The aged mother, frantic wild
O'erwhelmed with weight of wo,
Will mourn her last, her darling child,
His fate at, &c.

And many a brother's manly heart,
And tender sister too,
Will mourn for him who fought and fell
On plains of, &c.

And many a widow too will weep,
Her husband kind and true,
Whose eyes were closed in endless sleep,
On plains of, &c.

And tender babes have yet to learn,
A parents loss to rue,
And orphans yet unborn shall mourn
The day of, &c.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the surrounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band,—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left undimm'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

THE CABIN BOY.

Captains listen to my story,
A warning you must take by me,
See that you don't abuse your sailors,
While you're on the rolling sea.

Richard Peedy was my servant,
A handsome sprightly lad was he,
His mother bound him to me apprentice
For to cross the rolling sea.

As we had been to South Carolina,
And we were returning home,
Cruelly this boy I murder'd,
Such a thing was never known.

Trifling offence it was he gave me,
Which did my beloved heart enrage,
Straightway to the mast I tied him,
There I kept him several days.

With his hands and arms extended
I no succour to him gave,
Swearing if my men relieved him,
Not a moment should he live.

When three days I thus had kept him,
He with hunger loud did cry,
Now for God's sake pray relieve me,
Or with hunger I shall die.

Eighteen bitter stripes I gave him,
Which did cause the purple gore to run,
None there was that dare relieve him,
Such a thing was never known.

When five days I thus had kept him,
He to languish did begin,
Praying for a little water,
I some vinegar gave to him.

The poor soul requested to drink it,
As I proposed when I had done ;
I made him drink the purple gore,
That from his bleeding wounds did run.

When many days I thus had kept him,
Up to him I then did go ;
He says my dearest loving master,
One small favor to me show.

Don't leave me here thus for to suffer,
Kill and send me to the grave ;
Or one small piece of bread afford me,
Which in humanity I crave.

Oh that I had but one small morsel,

Which the dogs they do despise.
He says, O Lord send me some water,
From the lofty, blissful skies.

Hearing what he said unto me,
Would have grieved a christian heart;
Often times he cried dear mother,
Did you but know the cruel smart.

How your tender son doth suffer,
It would grieve you to the heart
More bitter grief no tongue can utter,
Lord relieve me from this fate.

Then my men they disobey me,
I like fury cursed and swore,
That I would have them hung for pirates,
When I had got home from the sea.

But they knowing my intention,
Little to me they did say;
And they had me apprehended,
When I had got home from sea.

How can I now ask for mercy,
When no mercy I would afford
On a poor distressed creature,
Yet some mercy show me Lord.

I tho't that my money would have sav'd me,
Knowing that the boy was poor.
But the cries of his tender mother,
Would have grieved a heart full sore.

She was resolved to prosecute me,
She no gold, no bribe would take.

Captain James for cruel murder,
Now the gibbets are his fate.

LAW ! LAW !! LAW !!!

Come list to me for a minute,
A song I am a going to sing it,
There's something serious in it,
So pray your attention draw,
'Tis all about the law—
Which has such a deuce of a claw.

Experience I have bought it,
And now to you have brought it,
Will you or not be taught it,
I sing the charms of law—
L, A, W !—Law,
Which has such a deuce of a claw.

If you're fond of pure vexation,
And sweet procrastination,
You are just in a situation
To enjoy a suit at Law.

When first your cause is creeping,
It hinders you from sleeping,
Attornies only reaping,
For still your cash they draw,
D, R, A, W !—Draw,
Is the main-spring of the Law.

Misery, toy and trouble,
Makes up the hubble bubble,

Leave you nothing but stubble,
And make you a man of straw,
S, T, R, A, W !—Straw,
Is all you get by the law.

If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

And when your cause is ending,
Your case is no ways mending,
Expense each step attending,
And then you find a flaw,
And the judge, like any jackdaw,
Will lay down what is law.

In a rotten stick your trust is,
You find the bubble burst is,
And though you do not get justice,
You're sure to get plenty of law,
L, A, W !—Law,
Leaves you not worth a straw.

If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

So if life's all sugar and honey,
And fortune always has been sunny,
And you want to get rid of your money,
I'd advise you to go to Law,
Like ice in a rapid thaw
Your cash will melt awa.

Comfort 'tis folly to care for,
Life's a lottery—therefore,
Without a why or a wherefore,
I'd advise you to go to Law,

L, A, W!—Law,
Does like a blister draw.
If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

BY R. BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains of slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling
That Sir John Cræme, in the west country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste, and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man said she,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And singing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
 And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cri'd, Wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and norrow,
 Since my love di'd for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

LOVE HAS EYES. BY DIBDIN.

Love's blind, they say—
 O! never, nay,
 Can words Love's grace impart!
 The fancy, weak,
 The tongue may speak,
 Bat eyes alone the heart;
 In one soft look what language lies!
 O! yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
 O! never, I—
 No—pinions love to soar;
 Deceivers rove,
 Attach'd he moves no more;
 Can he have wings who never flies?
 And yes, believe me, love has eyes.

SONG. BY DODDRIDGE.

When on thy bosom I recline
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life.
I glory in those sacred ties,
Which modern rakes and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

And mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The melting look, the extatic kiss,
E'en years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish—'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish—'tis all for me;
So sweet our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

If cares arise and cares will come,
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair,
And bids her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.

NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo.

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

COLUMBIA—LAND OF LIBERTY.

To liberty's enraptur'd sight
When first Columbia shone,
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And smiling claim'd it as her own.
"Fair Land," the goddess cried, "be free!"
"Soil of my choice! to fame arise!"
She spoke, and heavenly minstrelsy
Swell'd the loud chorus thro' the skies,
All hail! forever great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty!

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
And proudly raised her drooping crest;
Her sons, impatient, fill'd the plain,
Where panted each patriot breast,
Their fetters they indignant spurn'd;
They waved their falchions high in air,

And where the goddess' altar burn'd
From kneeling warriors rose the prayer,
To die be ours, if thou art free,
Columbia—land of liberty !

War blew her clarion loud and long,
Oppression led his legions on ;
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won.
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death ;
Flying he saw his country's foes ;
And wasted by his latest breath,
To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
Content I die, for thou art free !
Columbia—land of liberty !

And shall we ever dim the fires,
That flame on freedom's shrine !
Shall glory's children shame their sires ?
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins ?
No--by the blood our fathers shed,
O freedom ! in thy holy cause,
When streaming for the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd and sanctified thy laws--
We swear to keep thee great and free !
Columbia--land of liberty !

THE INDIAN STUDENTS.

When shall we three meet again ?
When shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,

Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again.

When in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship may unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft may we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil spent day,
Still in love's lone bower remain,
There may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
There may we three meet again.

THE KISS.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu,
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear ;

Though my body must remove,
All my soul will soon be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
Ev'ry wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then, ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

LA FAYETTE.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
The friend that's true remember'd not
And days o' lang syne.

For auld lang syne my dear
We never can forget
When dangers press'd and foes grew near,
Our friend was La Fayette.

When first our fathers bravely drew
'Gainst tyrants and their laws,
On wings of generous zeal he flew,
To aid the holy cause.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

He stemm'd the broad Atlantic wave,
He vow'd they should be free.
He lead the bravest of the brave;
To death or victory.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Let Brandywine his glory tell,
And Monmouth loud proclaim;
Let York in triumph proudly swell
The measures of his fame.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Shall sons of freedom e'er forget,
Till time shall cease to move,
The debt they owe to La Fayette,
Of gratitude and love?

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

TID-RE-I, OR PADDY'S WEDDING.

Sure won't you hear what roaring cheer
Was had at Paddy's wedding, O—
And how so gay they spent the day,
From churching to the bedding, O.
First book in hand came father Quipes,
The bride's daddy, a baily, O,
All jigging, while the merry pipes
Struck up a tilt so gaily, O.

In the very moment that father Quipes
heard that there was a wedding on the car-
pet, he went to Peter O'Reily and told him
of the whole affair, who thrust his arm up
chimney and pulled down his pipes, and
squeezed them under his arm, and blew a blast
into them and played a nate little bit of a—

Tid-re-I, and tid-re-I and tid-re-id-re-I-de-O.

Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O;
And Murdock Mags, and Tirlock Skaggs,
M'Laughlin and Dick Dursey, O;
And then the girls rigg'd out in wipes,
Led on by Dad O'Reiley, O.

All jigging, &c.

By the powers! it would have done your
heart good to see the little boys and girls,
hopping over the gutters, two by two in
couples, one after another, followed by the
piper, who was jogging on before, playing
up a little bit of a—

Tid-re-I, &c.

When Pat was asked, if his love would last,
The chancel echo'd with laughter, O;
By my shoul, says Pat, you may well say that
To the end of the world and after, O.
When tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kisses her jontalely, O,

Whilst all in tune, &c.

When the ceremony was over, and father
Quipes told the bride she was no longer
Miss Kitty O'Donavan, but Mistress Paddy
O'Raffety, to be sure Paddy did'nt take hold
of her by the nape of the neck, and gave her
such a kiss, that when he took his lips away
you might have heard it all over the chap-
el; while the boys and girls seeing so nate

an example before them, all began, while
the piper, who was seated so near the com-
munion table, kept time with his—

Tid-re, &c.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,
So frolicksome and frisky, O;
Pratoes galore a skirrag or more,
With a flowing madder of whiskey, O:
Then round to be sure did'nt go the wipes,
At the bride's expense so gaily, O,
All jigging, &c.

For Pat d'ye see, was resolved to do the
thing in a jontale way, so he ordered in
three large bows of pratoes, and a dish full
of red herrings; and by the powers! the
boys and girls were so hungry, that while
they were masticating the pratoes, their
jaws went faster than the piper's elbow,
who was seated in a corner, playing a little
bit of a—

Tid-re-I, &c.

And then at night, O what delight,
To see them capering and dancing, O!
An opera ball was nothing at all, [ing O!
Compar'd with the style of their pranc-
And then to see old father Quipes
Beat time with his shillala, O,
Whilst all in tune, &c.

By the powers of mud! if he did'nt hrrp-

pen to put his thumb on the hole where his little finger should be, to be sure, Paddy didn't jump up from the throne of turf where he was sitting, and gave him such a polt over the place where he took his snuff, that it knock'd him clane into the mud: "There's a suit of brown for you," says he, "lie there, you thief of the world, till the cows come home; and let that learn you all the days of your life and forever after, if you die to-morrow morning before sunset, that whenever you come to a jontleman's wedding, his funeral, or any such a merry making matter, not to be playing any of your cantibales, but nothing more nor less than the nate little bit of a--

Tid-re-I, &c.

And now the knot so soak'y are got,
They'll go to sleep without rocking, O;
While the bridemaids fair, so gaily prepare,
For throwing off the stocking, O;
Decadoras we'll have, says father Quipes,
Then the bride was kiss'd round jontale-
ly, O, [pipes
When to wish them good fun, the merry
Struck up with a jilt so gaily, O.

So when the bride had determined to go to bed, when Paddy took the candle and lit them all to the door, and father Quipes,

who had been putting too much whiskey
to his water, insisted on dancing home with
Miss Judy O'Dougherty; so the piper got
his bags in order, and away they all went,
capering to a little bit of a—

Tid-re-l, &c.

AN ODD MAN.

TUNE--*Derry Down.*

There was an old man; and though 'tis not common,
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,
He once was a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he longed for some meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
And yet I've been told, he could hear in the night;
He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis said,
And has fall'n asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always moved when he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd.
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if it were not wash'd it was seldom quite clean.
He show'd his teeth most when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

Among other strange things that beset this good yeoman
He was married, poor soul! and his wife was a woman;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never her child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then as folks said he was not very well;
But what is more strange in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What a pity, he died: yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath.
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder;
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.

WHEN FROM THE BOUGHS. [BYRON.]

It is the hour when from the boughs
The Nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Sound sweet in every whisper'd word,
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the waves a deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven, that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
That follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG. [T. MOORE.]

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day light is past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly, we'll rest our weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utawas tide this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of the green Isle! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air!
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

ZIP COON,

On Go-ahead Principle.

'I went down to Sandy hollar tudder arternoon,
I went down to Sandy hollar tudder arternoon,
'An de first man dat I meet war old Zip Coon,
Ole Zip Coon, he be a learn'd scholar,
Ole Zip Coon, he be a learn'd scholar,
'He plays upon de banjo, "Cooney in de hollar."
Cooney in de hollar, an racoon up a stump,
An all dese 'ticklish tunes Zip use to jump.

I went down to Sandy hollar, did'nt mean to stay,
I went down to Sandy hollar, did'nt mean to stay,
But dare I foud de pretty gals an couldn't get away,
Cooney in de hollar and racoon up a stump,
An all dose ticklish tunes Zip use to jump.

Old Sukey Blueskin she's in lub wid me,
Old Sukey Blueskin she's in lub wid me,
An I went to Sukey's house for to drink de tea,
What do you think Sukey an I had for supper,
Hoc-cake and possum fat, widout any butter.

Did you ebber see de wild goose sailing on a ocean,
Did you ebber see de wild goose sailing on a ocean,

De wild goose motion is a mighty pretty notion,
De wild goose wink an he beckon to de swaller,
An de wild goose hollar google, google, gollar.

I spose you hab heard ob de battle New-Orleans,
I spose you hab heard ob de battle New-Orleans,
Where ole ginerall Jackson gib de British beans;
Dare de Yankee boys do de job so slick,
Dey row'd ole Pakenham clear up de creek.

Now away down South close to de moon;
Now away down South close to de moon,
Dare libs de ole rogue wot dey call Calhoun,
Now long time past he has been trying
Dat sassy trick what dey call nullifying.

He try to run ole Hickory down,
He try to run ole Hickory down,
But he strike a snag an run clear aground,
Dis snag by gum war a whapper,
And sent him into dock to get a new copper.

In Phil a del fie is ole Biddle's Bank,
In Phil a del fie is ole Biddle's Bank,
Old Hockory zamin'd and finds him rather crank,
He tell Nick to go and not make a muss,
So hurrah for Jackson he's de boy for us.

Possum on de log playin wid him toes,
Possum on de log playin wid him toes,
Up comes de guinea hog and off he goes.
Buffalo in de cane-break, ole owl in de bush,
Laffin at de black snake trying to eat he mush.

Nice corn's a growin, Sukey she lubs gin,
Nice corn's a growin, Sukey she lubs gin,
Rooster's done crowin at ole nigger's shin.
Oh Coon's in de hollow, and Possum in a stable
Walk chalk ginger blue, jump double trouble.

Oh de bull frog sot an watch an alligator,

Oh de bull frog sot an watch an alligator,
An jump upon de stump and offer him a tater;
De alligator grinned and tried for to blush,
An de bull frog laughed and cried oh hush.

Oh when I be president ob dese Nited Tates
Oh when I be president ob dese Nited Tates
Den I'll lick lasses candy and swing upon de gates,
An dem I no does like I'll strike 'em off de docket,
De way I'll us'em up will beat Davy Crocket.

Now ole Zip Coon you find a larnt scholar,
He plays upon de banjo, "Cooney in de hollar,"
For president he's candidate of dese Nited Tates.
Huzza for Zip Coon, you see him on de track,
So all odder candidates lie flat on dare back.

J I M C R O W,

*As originally sung, by Mr. RICE, at the Warren
Theatre, Boston.*

Attenshun all de universe,
My kingdom's right weel,
Tan by to jump "Jim Crow"
Pon de toe and heel.

*So weel about and turn about,
And do jis so,
And every time I weel about
I jump Jim Crow.*

Here come de sassy nigger,
An' he'd hab you all to know,
That he'll weel about an' turn about
And jump Jim Crow.

I was born in Werginny
A long time ago,
Wen Unkel Sam made de en'my
Jump Jim Crow.

But one day I hit a man,
His name I forgot,
An' I left nothing of him
But a little grease spot.

De constable cum arter me,
Here wat I had to say,
But I wanted exercise
An' so I run away.

I put my ole shoe in my bundle,
My stockens in my hat,
An' I come down here to Boson
To see wat folks be at.

Dares a place dey call de Boson,
Once fought for liberty,
They'd throw the nullifiers overboard
As once they did the tea.

Now as for Sout Carolina,
She'd better keep her passion in,
Or else she'll get a licken now,
Before she does begin.

You all know who Uncle Sam is,
From the Captain to de mate,
He's the fader of the children

Of these United State.

He's got one saucy daughter,
Her name be Caroline,
I'm fraid he'll have to tie her up,
And give her 39.

Johnny C. Calhoun is courting her,
They say he's got the weydin ring,
And when the weddin's over,
They're going to make him king.

They say South Carolina is a fool,
And as for Johnny C. Calhoun,
He'll be worse than Davy Crocket,
When he tried to fool de Coon.

O, he took up his crooked gun,
And fired round the maple tree,
The ball came back in the same place
And hit him on de knee.

Who ever would believe it,
That wore the shoe and boot,
That Georgia would be the first state
To show the cloven foot.

They talk of the Philadelphia markets,
And the New York markets loud,
But the Old Market here in Boston,
Will be seen among the crowd.

No matter what is won ting,
In the market you can buy,

From a quarter of an ox
Down to a punkin pie.

I have been to de place
What dey call de Bunker Hill,
Where you tole de British soldier,
It was rader diffikil.

'Twas one cloudy morning,
In de month ob May,
They sail'd for Johnny Bull's land,
About the break of day.

When de war was over
And ebery ting content,
De people make George Washington
De great President.

Den he put all de States together,
And tied a string around,
And when the string is broken boys,
Dey'll tumble to de ground.

The way they bake the hoe cake
In old Virginy neber tire,
They put de cake upon the foot,
And hold de foot to de fire.

The Kentucky niggers
They lib on mush,
But the niggers here in Boston,
They say oh! hush.

When I was in Philadelphia,

Libing so high,
I cotch de Colre Morbus,
And happen'd like to die.

But by drinking brandy sling,
And de good whiskey toddy,
I fooled de devil just the same
As any udder body.

It was 12 o'clock the udder night,
Or somewhere dare about,
I took my finger for de snuffers,
And put de candle out.

After I got into bed,
O, by George I was so tire,
I heard de watchman hollow
Fire! fire! fire!

And when the fire was put out,
Which was done a little slicker,
The foreman of the engine
Sent for a pail of liker.

Den go ahed white folks,
Don't be so slow,
Hop over dubble trubble,
Jump Jim Crow.

So nebber mine de wether,
Or how de win do blow,
For in spite of win and wether,
Will I jump Jim Crow.

Now white folks, white folks,
Please to let me go,
I'll come back again another night,
And jump Jim Crow.

THE ANT.

An ant of his talents superior vain,
Was trudging with consequence over the plain:
A worm in his progress remarkably slow,
Cries, "bless your good worship wherever you
go.

I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will;"
With a look of contempt and ineffable pride,
Begone, you vile reptile, the ant then replied.

Go, go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first look at me, see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn as I please.

But nature grows weary, thus mocking I say,
I spurn you far from me, crawl out of my way;
The worm quite surprised and vexed to his soul,
Crept onward, and hid himself close in his hole.

But nature determined to aid his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress,
And as the proud ant was repassing the road,
Fatigued with his labor, and tugging his load;

A bee on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose glory and lustre there was none could
excel,

Whose plumage expanded, was rare to behold,
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The ant quite surprised at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away,
Stop friend, said the butterfly, don't be surpris'd,
I once was the reptile you scorn'd and despis'd,
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must forever trudge on in your way,
The wretch who's all loaded with sin and with
sorrow,
May soar above those who oppress them to-
morrow.

THE DONE OVER TAILOR.

A tailor I once was, as blithe as e'er need be,
Until love alas! sure a phantom has made me;
I that once was so lusty, was call'd Will the
rover,
Am now a poor skeleton—Oh! I'm done over.
How many a day have I sat with great pleasure
And cut out my cloth to my customer's measure,
With a full yard for cabbage—I lived then in
Dover,—
But Sue's cruel charms have me fairly done over.
When first I beheld her pass by my shop-window,
My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to a cinder;
O! the girls do so jeer me that I can go no-
where,
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over?
The last time I saw her was with a bold sailor,

She sneer'd, and said, there's the done over
tailor;

Good bye, Mr. *Stich-cloth*, I'm going to Dover,
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over?

So now she has left me and gone with the sailor,
Thus left me alone—a poor done over tailor,
I ne'er will cabbage, or be Will the rover,—
God grant I was dead, for I'm surely done over.

LOSS OF THE SHIP COLUMBIA.

O! the sad and mournful story!

Sounding from the fatal rock,
The ship Columbia in her glory,
There received a fatal shock.

The wind and waves appear'd united,
For to prove her overthrow,
Fair Columbia, thou art blighted,
Sad thy fate for friend to know!

She sail'd from England in December,
Health and plenty crown'd her store;
But hardships oftentimes befel her,
Ere she reach'd our western shore.

Two young men, passengers in her, took sta-
tions,

Who brothers were from Birmingham,
And bade adieu to all relations,
To come and settle in our land.

Eighty-four days on the ocean,
A passage long to undergo;

When, at length they saw the Race Point,
Oh then began their grief and wo!

At noon they steer'd their course for Boston,
Wind being south, clouds veil'd the sky,
All hands in hopes of getting in soon,
Nor did they think their danger nigh.

The wind, soon shifting to the eastward,
A heavy sea roll'd on the land;
They hove about and strove for Plymouth,
To duty now call'd ev'ry hand.

But falling calm a short time after,
When high pine ledge to them being near,
They anchor'd in five fathom water,
Thinking their danger for to clear.

At three o'clock by calculation,
The ship struck hard upon a reef;
Which put all hands in consternation,
Calling on Heaven for relief.

They got a spring upon the cable,
To cast the ship's head off the shore;
They cut and sail'd in deeper water,
What could poor mariners do more?

Once more they came unto an anchor,
Thinking all their lives to save;
But all in vain; for quickly after,
Poor souls, they found a wat'ry grave!

The ship soon dragg'd away her anchor;
On the rocks she parted, when
Fourteen out of sixteen perish'd,

Only two escap'd the main.
The captain being indisposed,
Sick in bed, said to his mate,
On the deck let me be carried,
There I wish to meet my fate.
With great composure he surrender'd,
And took his leave of all his band,
His papers to his servant tender'd,
Whose lot it was to reach the land.
Next morning's light the shore presented
Scenes most shocking to relate ;
Rocks were topp'd and sand indented,
With bodies who had met their fate.
Their flesh and limbs were torn and mangled
As they lay upon the shore,
'T would move the hardest heart to pity,
To see them lying in their gore.
Their bodies were all entombed,
Many friends now sorely weep,
For those who in life one hour bloomed,
Then were swallowed in the deep.

KATY MORY.

Come all you brisk and lively lads,
And listen to my story;
I'll tell you how I fix'd a plan
To cheat young Katy Mory.
Li fol dol, &c.
I went unto her father's house,

Just like a clever fellow ;
I told her that the plums were ripe,
That they were fine and yellow.

And that my sister wish'd to meet
Her in yonder bower,
Where they might sit and gather grapes,
And spend a happy hour.

She scarcely had got out of sight,
When wanton I pursu'd her;
I caught her in yon shady grove,
Intending to delude her.

I told her that my sister dear,
Knew nothing of the matter;
That she must certainly comply,
For I had no time to flatter.

My hand she squeez'd and seemed pleas'd,
She said I've more to fear sir;
My father soon will travel by,
And he will catch us here, sir.

She said, if you will climb this tree
Till he has gone this way sir,
We then will go to yonder brook,
Where we may safely play, sir.

Then I began this tree to climb,
And not the least offended,
Katy stood laughing at the root,
To see how I ascended.

At every jirk it made such work,
It stuck fast in my crop sir;
My shirt I tore, I rav'd and swore,
Till on the boughs I stopp'd, sir.

Then she run out from under it,
And seem'd to give a cheer, sir,
Eat up your plums and crack the stones,
She said, I've nought to fear, sir.

You look, said she, just likè an owl,
Your sight I'll quickly shun, sir,
So scramble down as you got up,
You're welcome to your fun, sir.

Oh, then she heel'd it o'er the plains,
And left me half distracted;
I curs'd and swore at Katy More,
To think how she had acted.

But then I took a thought or two,
My mind I soon commanded,
And soon I made a wife of her,
And then my troubles ended.

TALL YOUNG OYSTERMAN.

O there was a tall young oysterman lived by the river
side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was in the tide,
The daughter of a fisherman, who was so straight and
slim,
Liv'd over on the other side, right opposite to him,
To me fel de rol de rol de ride.

O it was this tall young oysterman what saw this pretty
maid,
Upon the moon-light evening a sitting in the shade,
He saw her wave her hankerchief, as much as if to say,
There's plenty time for courting now when dady's gone
away. To me fol de rol, &c.

Up jump'd this tall young oysterman, and to himself
said he, [see;
I guess I'll leave my boat at home for fear the folks will
I've read it in the story book, how for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont and I will swim the Sere,
To me fol de rol, &c.

And then he jump'd into the wave, and then he cross'd
the stream,
And then he clamber'd up the rock, all in the moonlight
gleam, [was a sin,
The moon that instant shone out bright, to be sure it
Soon he heard her daddy's steps and he chuck'd in again,
To me fol de rol, &c.

Out spoke this ancient fisherman, oh what is that my
daughter, [water,
It's nothing but a brick bat dad I've just chuck'd in the
O what is that, are funny thing, that paddles off so fast,
It's nothing but a porpoise dad, that's just been swimming
past, To me fol de rol, &c.

Then run my lovely daughter, and get me my harpoon,
That I may take my fishing boat and fix the fellow soon,
Down fell this lovely damsel, as falls the slaughter'd ox,
The hair hung down her pallid cheeks like sea weeds on
the rocks, To me fol de rol, &c.

O, the latter of my story, oh, it was the old man's fate,
The grief that fill'd his bleeding heart, 'tis horrid to re-
late, [ter's side,
He threw his harpoon on the ground, just by his daugh-
And then he jump'd into the wave and kick'd the bucket.
and died

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight re-
pairing,

To wander alone by the wind beaten hill;

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native Isle of the ocean,
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of *Erin go Bragh!*

O, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.

Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my heart with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of *Erin go Bragh!*

O, where is the mother that watch'd o'er my
childhood? [wood?

O, where is my cottage that stood by the wild
Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?

Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
O, why did it doat on a fast fading treasure,
Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recal!

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I visit thy sea beaten shore !
But alas ! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me
no more.

O, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace
me

In a mansion of peace , where no peril can
can chase me

Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace
me,

They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw :

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin Go Bragh.

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its mo-
tion,

Green by thy fields, sweetest isle of the o-
can,

And thy harp-striking bards sing with devo-
tion.

O, Erin ma vorneen, Erin Go Bragh.

MINSTREL'S RETURN'D FROM THE WAR.

The minstrel's return'd from the war,

With spirits as buoyant as air ;

And thus on his tuneful guitar,

He sings in the bower of his fair ;

The noise of the battle is over,

The bugle no more calls to arms,

A soldier no more, but a lover,

I kneel to the power of thy charms !

Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,

I bend to the magic of beauty,

Though the helmet and banner are mine,

Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

The minstrel his suit warmly prest,

She blush'd sigh'd, and hung down her head,

'Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,

And thus to the happy youth said :

"The bugle shall part us, love, never,

My bosom thy pillow shall be;

Till death tears thee from me for ever,

Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."

Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty !
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.
But fame call'd the youth to the field,
His banner wav'd over his head ;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead;
While she, o'er her young hero bending,
Receiv'd his expiring adieu :
"I die, while my country defending,
With my heart to my lady love true."
"Oh ! death !" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty,
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty !"

MURDER OF CILLEY.

Once more, kind reader, we are called
To take our pen in hand,
An awful tragedy to write,
Of murder in our land.

The murder'd man, as we are told,
Was from our own state :—

Cilley, the Representative,
Met with this awful fate !

'Twas from Kentucky we are told,
This bold assassin came,
A Murderer !—to his Grave will go,—
GRAVES is his real name.

Their Seconds are no better off,
They are branded with the same ;
They are all murderers, and we can
Give them no better name.

If Justice could but now take place,
They one and all would be,
Hung on a gallows by the neck—
Not only one but three,

We wish our Government would now
Take Dueling in hand,
And pass a law for to expel
This practice from our land.

This murderous practice has prevailed,
Long in the southern States ;
And many have been called to mourn
Of ancient and modern dates.

Our Northern people all disdain
This cursed practice here.

They call it honor ! but to us
No honor doth appear.

Instead of honor, we should hold
A Murderer in disgrace.
How can a Murderer ever wish
To see a human face ?

The widow's heart he fills with grief,
The orphan's eyes with tears :
Instead of giving them relief,
In their declining years.

Their father's blood, thus spilt, will cry
For vengeance from the ground,
And God, who, from his throne on high,
Will listen to their sound.

Vengeance is his, he will repay
Despisers of his laws ;
Widows and orphans here may know
He undertakes their cause.

We often hear our people tell
Of heathen lands around,
But paralel with Duelling,
On earth cannot be found.

To see a Monster in cool blood,
Take what he never gave,
And send a fellow creature off

With malice to his grave.

Our 'southern chivalry,' you know,
Will never bear a word ;

But next a challenge you must take—
To meet them with the sword.

And if by chance they have the luck
To bring you to the ground,
They think their honor is redressed,
And then their praise will sound.

But all such honor you will find,
Will end in deep disgrace;
And all such vagabonds as these
Should be hissed (?) from the place.

They call it honor, but we think,
It cannot be denied
By any but a heathen, that
'Tis vanity and pride.

We now shall end this tragedy ;
But bear it in your mind,
We have not had a chance before
To write one of this kind.

MY DOG AND GUN.

A wealthy young 'squire of Falmouth we
hear,

He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear:
And for to be married it was their intent,
All friends and relations they gave their
consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day
And the farmer was appointed to give her
away,

But, as soon as the lady the farmer did espy,
It inflam'd her heart, O, my heart ! she did
cry.

She turned herself round, tho' nothing she
said,

But, instead of being married she took to
her bed,

The thoughts of the farmer still ran in her
mind,

And away for to have him she quickly did
find.

Coat, waistcoat and small clothes this lady
put on:

And a hunting she went with her dog and
gun,

She hunted all round where the farmer did
dwell,

Because in her heart she loved him so well.

Full many times she fired, but nought did
she kill,

Till at length this young farmer came into
the field :

Then for to discourse she quickly begun
As she was hunting with her dog and her
gun,

I thought that you had been at the wedding,
she cried,

For to wait on the 'squire, and to give him
his bride :

Oh no, says the farmer, if the truth I may
tell,

I'll not give her away, I love her too well.

This lady was pleased to hear him so bold,
She gave him a glove that was bordered
with gold,

She told him she found it when coming along
As she was hunting with her dog and her gun.

And then she gave out word that she'd lost
a glove:

And the man that would find it she'd grant
him her love:

The man that will find it and bring it to me,
The man that will find it his bride I will be.

The farmer was pleased to hear of the news,
Then straightway to the lady he instantly
goes,

Saying, honored lady, I have picked up
your glove,

And now will you be pleased to grant me
your love,

Tis already granted, the lady replied,
I love the sweet breath of the farmer, she
cried.

I'll be mistress of my dairy, go milking my
cow,

Whilst my jolly young farmer goes whist-
ling to the plough.

Then after she was married she told of the
fun,

How she hunted the farmer with her dog
and gun:

Saying, now I have got him so safe in my
snare,

I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare.



HARD TIMES.

Hard times, hard times is now the cry,
The country's in confusion,
The Banks are stopped, and now they try
To mystify delusion.

They give us trash
And keep the cash,
To send across the waters
To pay for things
They've brought from kings,

To gull our sons and daughters.

CHORUS.—Then to the polls! ye noble soul's

The Banks may cry for quarters,
But hear their doom! they shall resume?
Or forfeit all their charters!

Shall corporations rule the soil
That Washington defended?
Must honest people sweat and toil
And see their rights suspended?
Shall we be slaves
From day to day,
Be nothing but shin-plasters?

CHORUS.—Then to the polls &c.

Brave Jackson strove to keep us free,
He loved his country dearly,
His sound metallic currency
Was not a promise merely;
If little VAN is
An honest man,
He'll imitate the Hero,
And send the Whigs,
To dance their jigs,
At least as low as zero,

CHORUS.—Then to the polls, &c.

The Empire State may play her pranks,
And in them old dominion,
May white-wash all her broken banks,

Regardless of opinion.
The keystone State,
Won't hesitate,
Though ills fall thick upon her,
For to maintain,
Without a stain,
CHORUS.—Then to the polls, &c.

We duly understand our rights,
The rights of law and nature,
We vote no more for paper kites,
To fill our Legislature !
For just reform,
We'll brave the storm.
Bold as Columbia's seamen,
We'll fight or die—
For Liberty !
And prove that we are Freemen !

CHORUS.—Then to the polls ! ye noble souls,
The Banks may cry for quarters,
But hear their doom !—they shall resume !
Or forfeit all their charters !

THE SEA.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,

Without a mark without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round ;
It plays with the clouds it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and blue below,
And Silence whereso'er I go,
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter, I can ride and sleep.

I love, Oh ! how I love to ride,
On the fierce and foaming bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southward blast doth blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I love the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistl'd, the porpose roll'd

The dolphins bar'd their backs of gold.
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean's child.
I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range
And ne'er have sought or sighed for change,
And death whene'er he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea.

GOSSIP CHAT.

Mrs Hopkins told me that she heard Sam Gab's wife say that John Harris' wife told her that granny Smith heard that it was no doubt the widow Baker said that Capt. Wood's wife thought that Col. Lane's wife believed that old Mrs Lamb reckoned positively that Peter Dunhany's wife had told Nell Cuscudder that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that mother Parker had said in plain terms that she heard Betsy Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well known in the neighborhood that old Mrs Slouch made no bones of saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact that Susan Miller would soon be obliged to lengthen her apron strings.

CONTENTS.

	page.
Bay of Biscay O.	3
Mary of the Wild Moor.	4
O no I'll never mention him	5
Courting Song	6
Does your mother know your out ?	10
Dick the Joiner	13
The red haired man's wife	15
Battle of Bunker Hill	17
Lord Bakeman,	20
Long tail blue	23
Johnathan's visit to a wedding	26
Love's garland	"
Highland Mary	27
New words to 'Auld Lang Syne	28
Auld Lang Syne	29
Blue-Eyed Mary	30
The Braes of Balquhither	"
The cottage on the Moor	31
Tea Tax	32
The Protest—Friendship	34
A dandy song	36

Betsy Baker	38
Dull cares	41
Mary, I believe the true	43
The battle of Watterloo	“
The landing of the pilgrim fathers in New-England,	45
The cabin boy	46
Law ! Law !! Law !!!	49
Bruces address to his army	51
Bonny Barbaria Allan	52
Love has eves	53
Song by Doddridge	54
Nothing true but heaven	”
Columbia—Land of Liberty	55
The Indian students	56
The kiss	57
La Fayette	58
Tid-re-i, or Paddy's wedding	59
An odd man	63
When From the Boughs	64
A Canadian boat song	“
Zip Coon	65
Jim Crow	67
The Ant	72
The done over tailor	73
Loss of the ship Columbia	74
Katy Mory	76
Tall Young Oysterman	78

The Exile of Erin	80
Minstrel's return'd from the war	82
Murder of Cilley	83
My dog and gun	83
Hard times	89
The Sea	91
Gossip chat	93